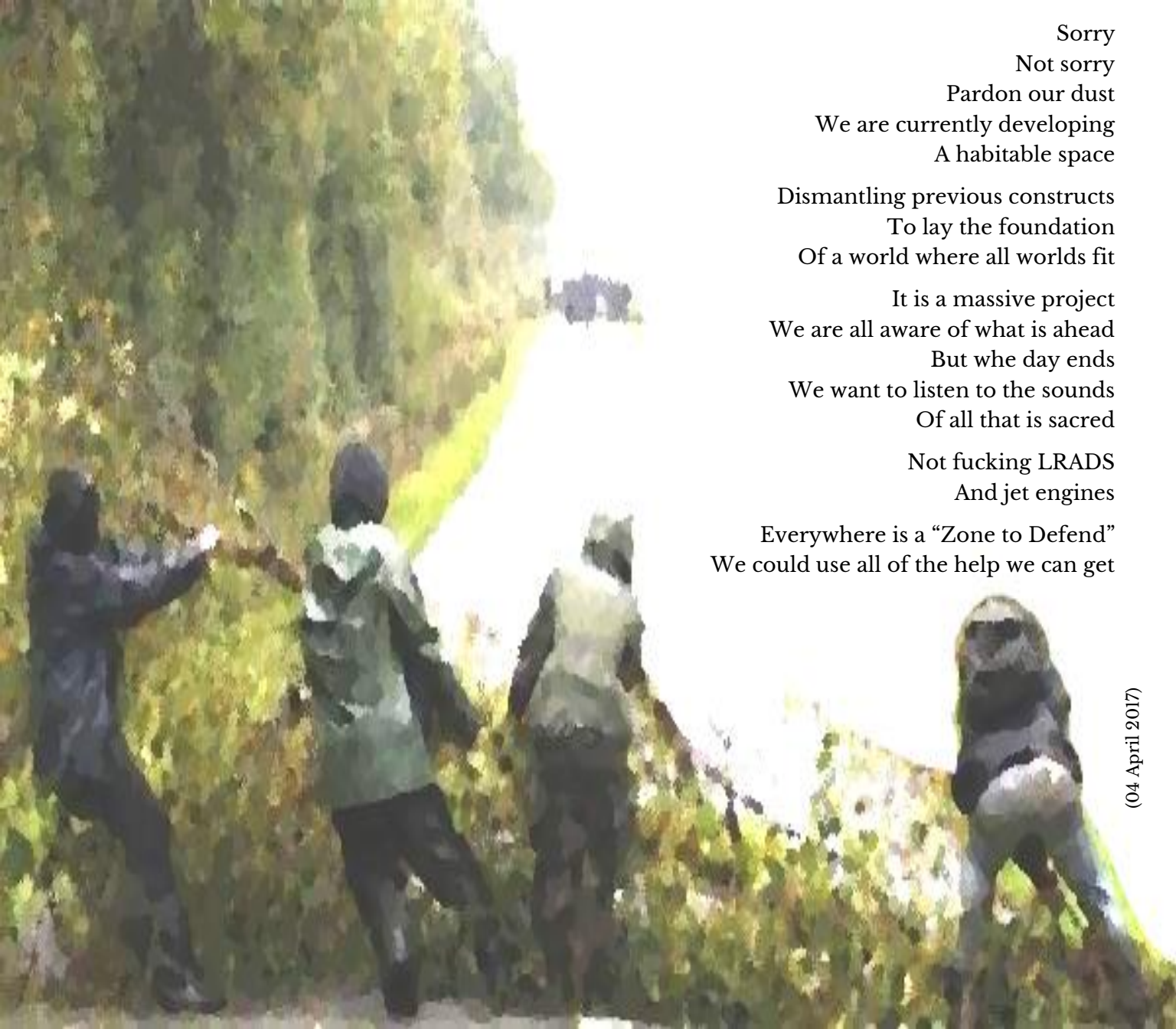


Dispatches From The Sierras

To the Monopods, Tree Sits, Blockades, Occupations,
Barricades, Autonomous Zones...
To the Braves Souls Ushering In A New World....

Dispatches From The Sierras

A poetic rebellion, 2017 - 2018



Sorry
Not sorry
Pardon our dust
We are currently developing
A habitable space
Dismantling previous constructs
To lay the foundation
Of a world where all worlds fit
It is a massive project
We are all aware of what is ahead
But whe day ends
We want to listen to the sounds
Of all that is sacred
Not fucking LRADS
And jet engines
Everywhere is a “Zone to Defend”
We could use all of the help we can get

(04 April 2017)



Dividing lines are being drawn
Sharp enough to cut
The world in fortresses
Prisons

Razor wire strung
Malevolent walls built

Fear of differences is trying
To outline a plan
For boundaries of acceptance
Family be damned

As if restrictions
Ridicule and subjugation
A nihilistic philosophy
Of seeking solely selfish interests
Have ever created anything
Other than misery

Misdirected blame
Will never be able to fix
The catastrophic
Problems we face
As the answers lie not
Under petty domination
But flourish in the question
Of Universal Human Liberation

(05 April 2017)

She said,

"I like that we are
Adventurous together
Wiling to explore
New places, new ideas
New positions
In the ever changing
Narrative of our shared
Stories being written
Minute by minute

I miss you
When you are not here
The loneliness debilitates
My desire to get up
Find the energy needed
To do anything
Let alone climb
Plateaus, mountains
Out of the hole
I find myself in

You inspire me
To get moving
Do something worthwhile
Reach new heights
Take in new views
The world is vast
But oh so small
Best experienced
With a loved one."

(10 April 2017)



Sometimes I try
To convince myself
That this reality
Is actually just
A bad hallucination
And if I concentrate
Hard enough, I could break
Into a new dimension
Where force, coercion
Manipulation did not exist
Where social constructs
Aren't as real as material
Existence. It's not enough
To be "alive" while damned
To an exploitive heritage
What did we do to deserve
Half of what we inherited?

(12 April 2017)



She said

“If we are going
To make this work
We are going to have
To help each other

A lazy one-sided
Approach to the many
Obstacles bound to arise
Will only end tragically

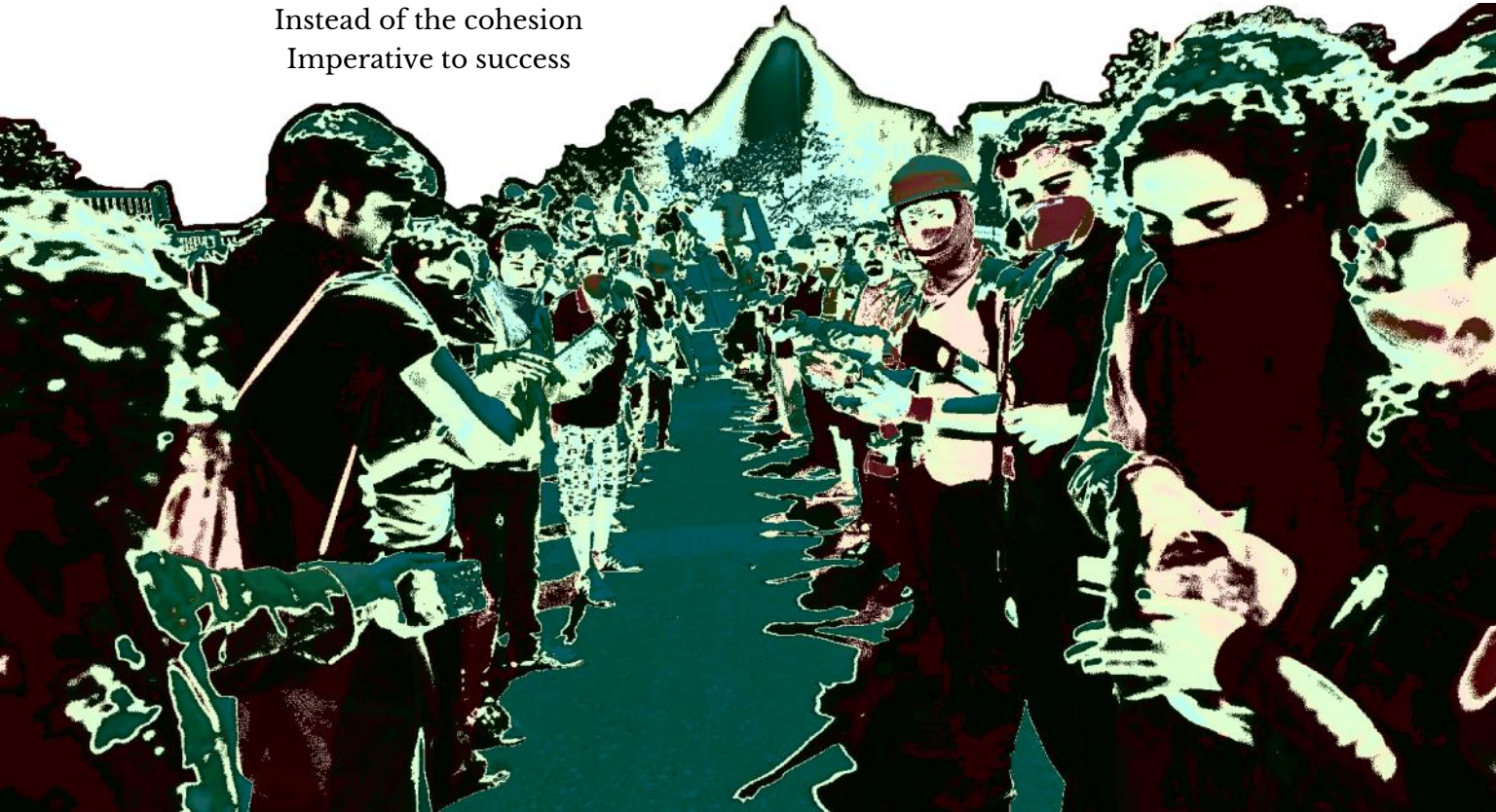
A dismal failure
Of animosities created
Instead of the cohesion
Imperative to success

Please keep in mind
We can have differences
And neither of us will
Always be on point

Perfection may not be
Attained, or desirable,
The importance lies within
Our willingness to act

Our mutual support
Cooperation unforced.”

(07 May 2018)



It was an eventful winter
To say the least

Spring has sprung
Water levels
Temperatures
Restlessness
Are all rising

Grab your floatation device
It is imperative
You don't hold
Onto the banks
We once knew
Eroded by rapids

A new course
Is being carved
These old ways
Will surely dry
Rather quickly

The sun is out
Trying to legitimize
Its brutal beatings

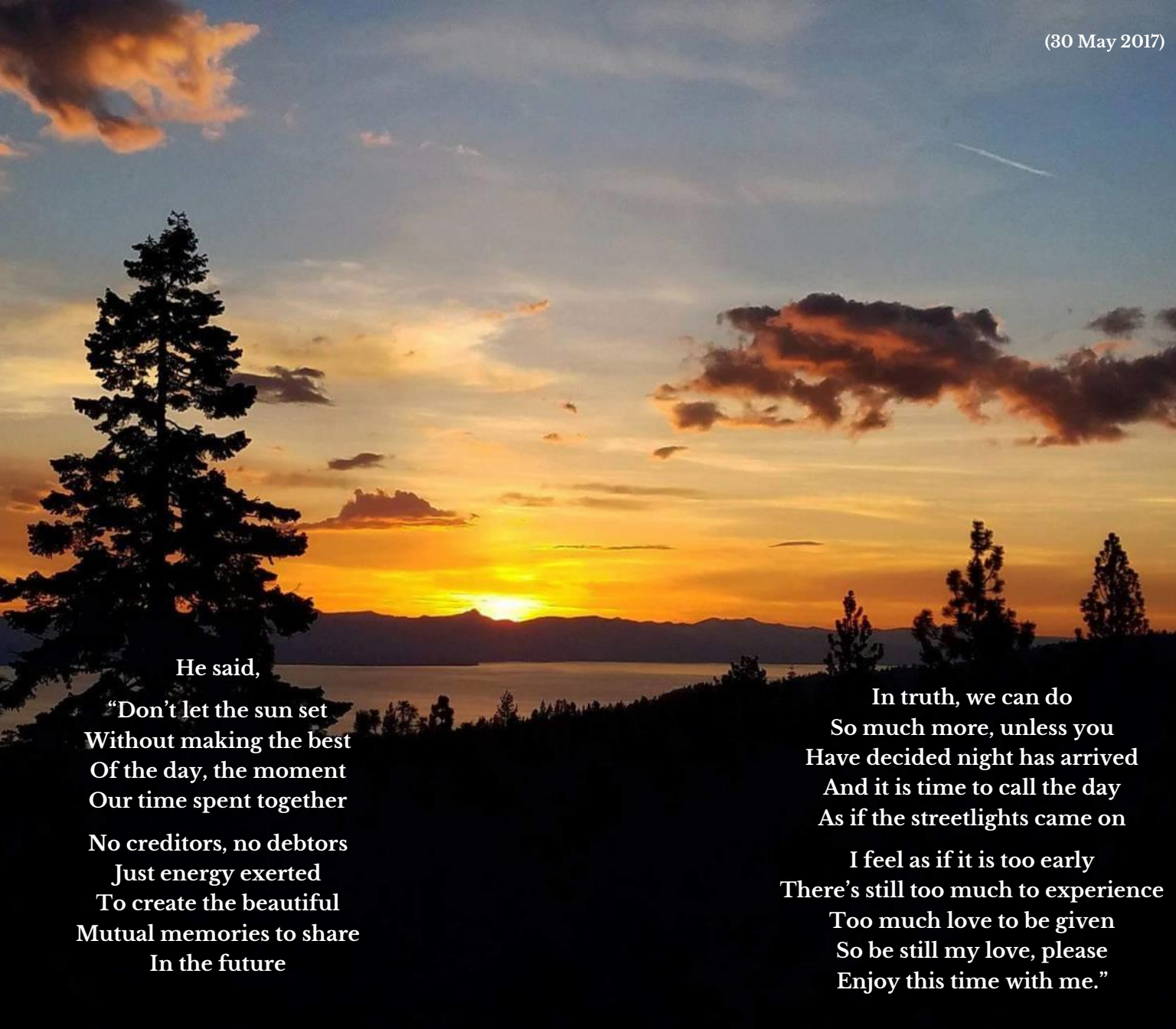
Grab your screen
Catch some of the rays

It is about time
We learned to read
The current, ride
The waves, overcome
The urgency and plan
How we will survive
The heat approaching

Be the kindle awaiting
Ready for some type of
Glorious summer within

We can start a fire

(12 May 2017)

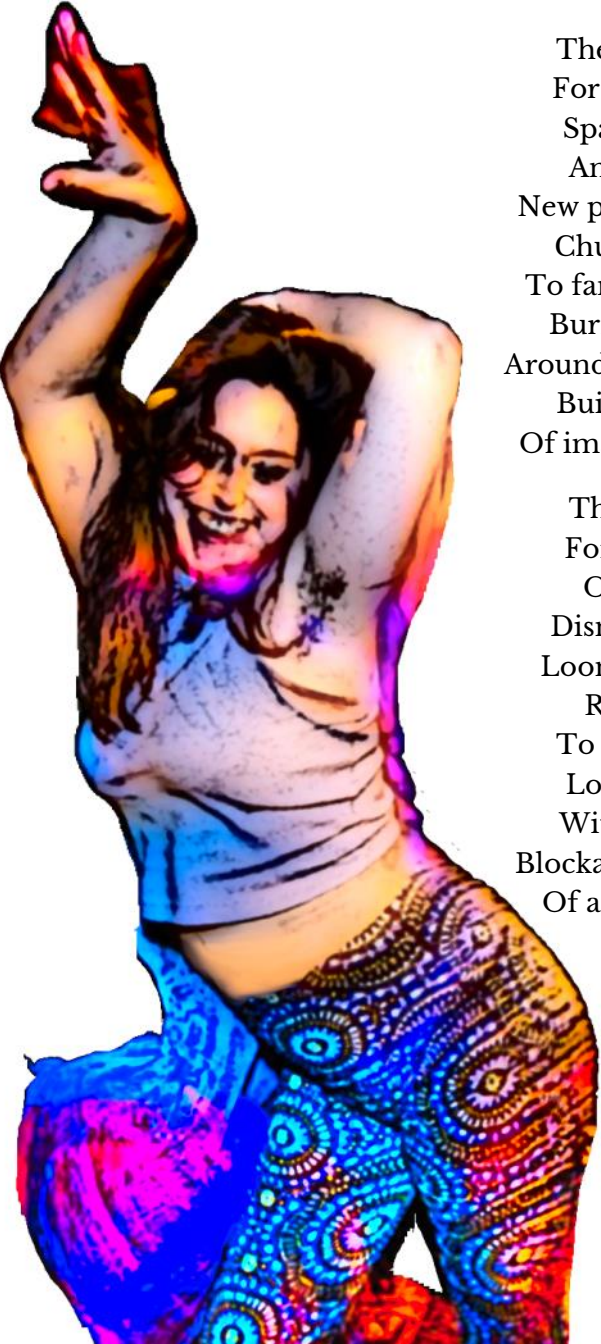


He said,

“Don’t let the sun set
Without making the best
Of the day, the moment
Our time spent together
No creditors, no debtors
Just energy exerted
To create the beautiful
Mutual memories to share
In the future

In truth, we can do
So much more, unless you
Have decided night has arrived
And it is time to call the day
As if the streetlights came on

I feel as if it is too early
There’s still too much to experience
Too much love to be given
So be still my love, please
Enjoy this time with me.”



The streets are calling
For lovers to converge
Spark a conversation
And find each other
New partners to dance with
Churn up a whirlwind
To fan the growing flames
Burning in their hearts
Around crumbling constructs
Built for containment
Of imaginative possibilities

The streets are calling
For lovers to converge
On their own terms
Dismantle the structures
Looming over their heads
Reclaim their space
To breathe the fresh air
Look into the distance
Without ominous walls
Blockading the beautiful view
Of an entire world shared

(17 June 2017)



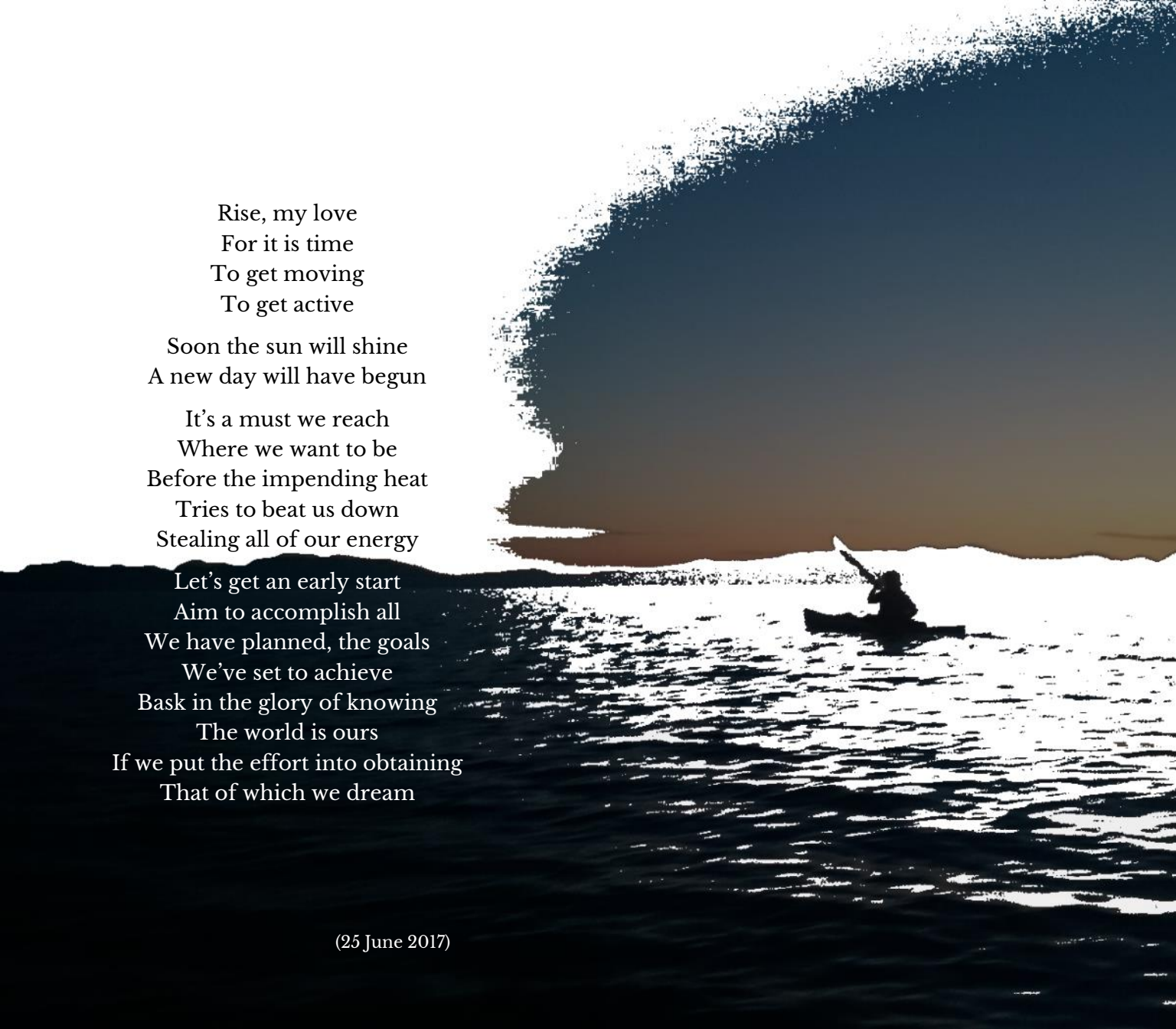
Rise, my love
For it is time
To get moving
To get active

Soon the sun will shine
A new day will have begun

It's a must we reach
Where we want to be
Before the impending heat
Tries to beat us down
Stealing all of our energy

Let's get an early start
Aim to accomplish all
We have planned, the goals
We've set to achieve
Bask in the glory of knowing
The world is ours
If we put the effort into obtaining
That of which we dream

(25 June 2017)



My lighter speaks
Detournements of Descartes
“I flick therefore I am”

My thoughts spark
Changes in elemental states
Vaporizing the previously unknown

Let the warmth radiate
From the embers of old
Constructs now invisible

Burn, baby, burn
There is nothing left
Worth saving from the flames

(02 July 2017)



He said

“Although it is true
Technology allows us to reach
Far away lands in seconds
Minimizing the spaces between
You and I, making it possible
To have real time conversations
These distances we have to face
Make it all the more difficult
For honest communication of
Our wants, needs, differences

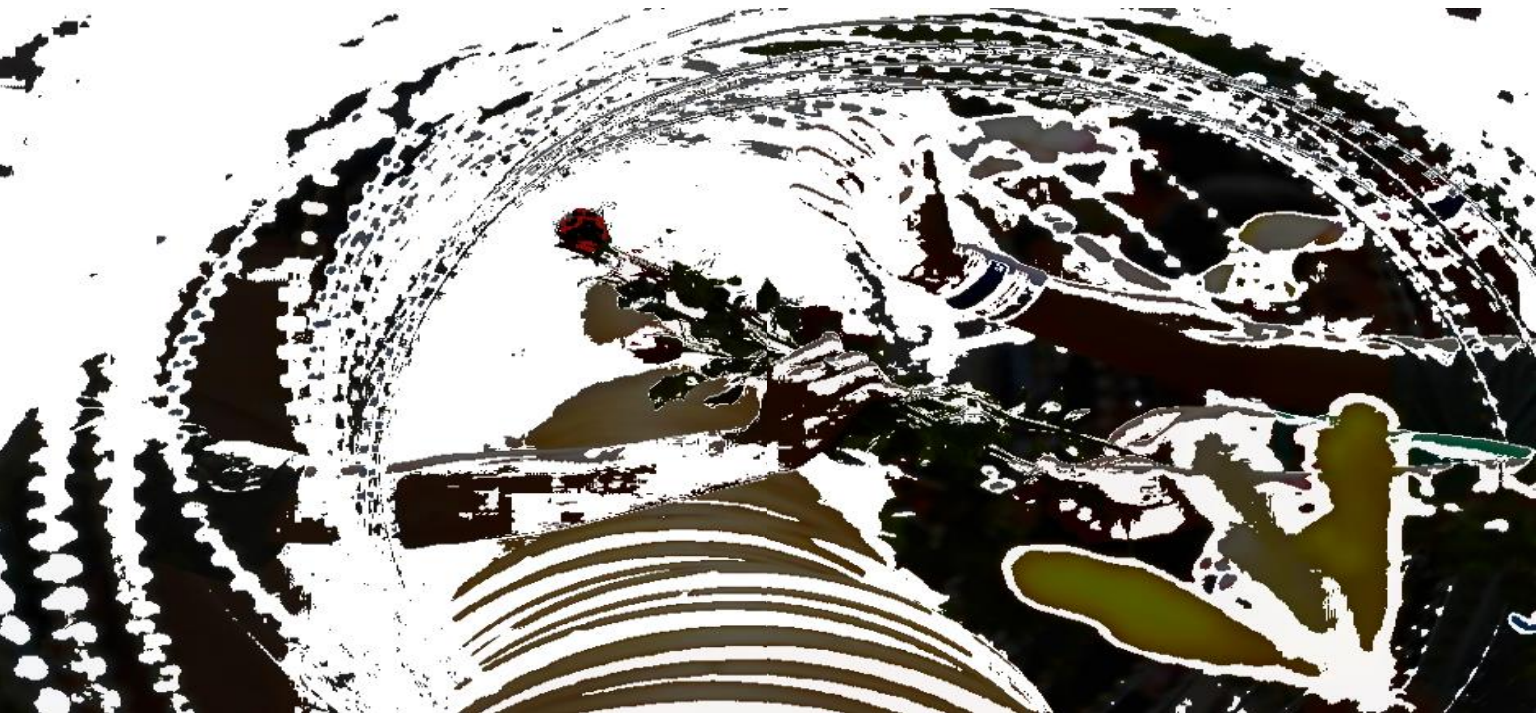
There is something to be said
About sharing the same space


Being able to read expressions
Spoken in the body's language
Hearing emotions voiced
Ringing in truth anew
In ever-changing tone

Adding to our perspective
Experiences in feeling
Gentle touches of compassion
Finding comfort in embraces
Sparked by the moment's heat

Satellites may soothe the torment
Ease the weight of loneliness
In a disconnected solitude
But having you with me, physically
Transferring energy is the only way
We will truly be brought together
And understand the strength
In our combined emotions

(13 July 2017)





I am the trees
The flowers
The beasts
The pulsating power

I travel through
All surroundings
An act of proof
Against perceived Boundaries

(10 July 2017)

I am not a solo entity
One piece of the earth
One “me” in the “we”
I am of the Universe

New season
Planted seeds
Sprouting roots

Pressured bulbs
Breaking free
Finding light

Digging deep
Life again
Showing signs

Blooms open
Scents released
Transformed air

Base growing
More branches
Yielding fruit

“Fresh Flowers
Of Revolt;
Rare, prepared!”





Far from the miniscule
The powerful
Bonded elements
Creating our realities

Far from the Spectacle
The spectacular
Vibrant force
Rippling through life

Far from the manufactured
The natural
Agreeable visions
Raising our awareness

Far from the images
The picture
Perfect moments
Reclaiming the purpose

(23 July 2017)

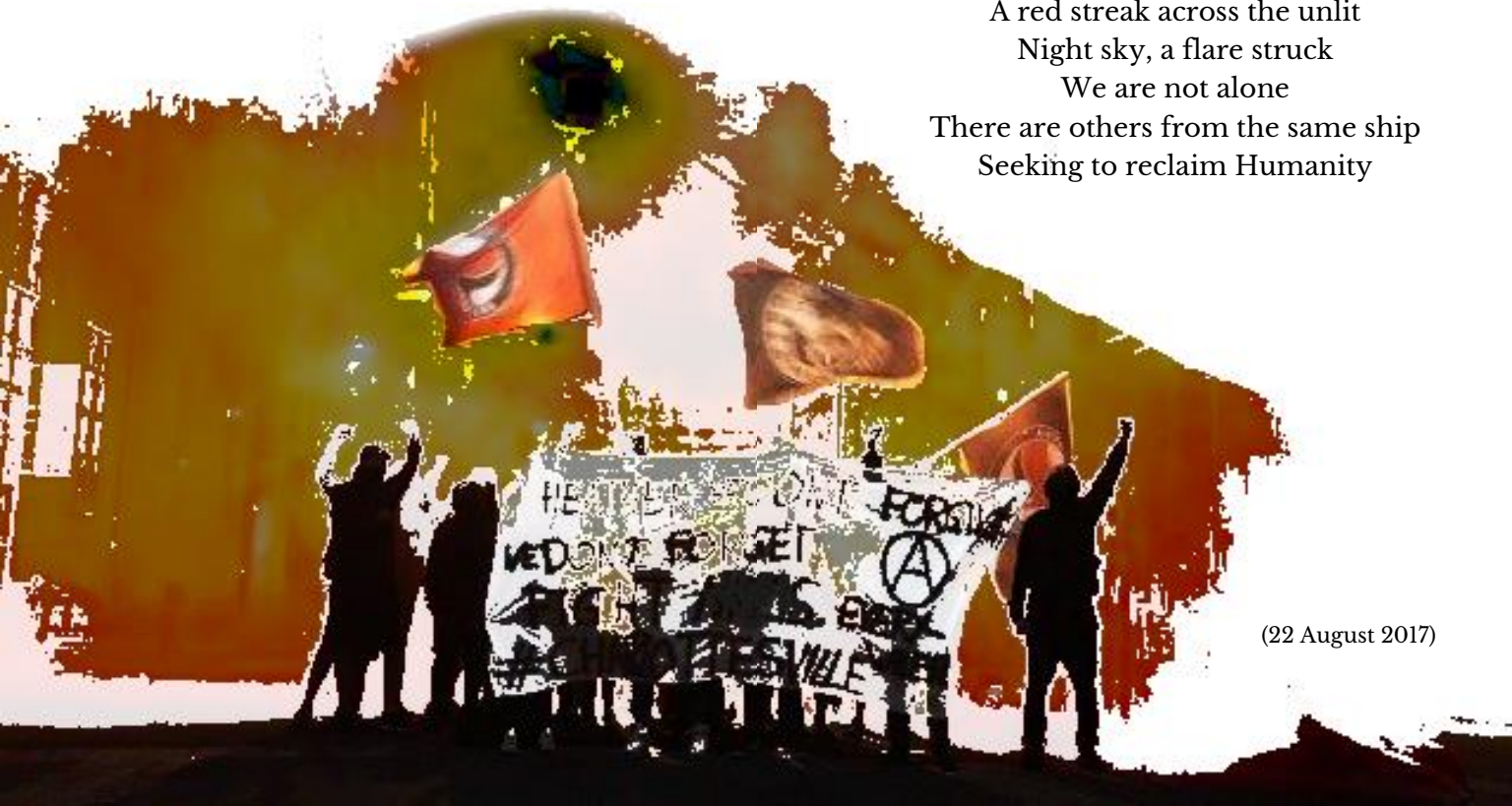
The ship is sinking
Life boats are being cast
Into the darkness
Of unknown oceans

On a moonless night
We try to read the stars
Hoping for some direction
Heading to "God knows where"

Overwhelmed by abandonment
Floating in emergency
Rafts of neglected maintenance
With fatal flaws widening

Bailing buckets don't cut it
Neither does the panic setting in
Slowly leaking through the cracks
Soon to be hopeless, holding onto planks

A red streak across the unlit
Night sky, a flare struck
We are not alone
There are others from the same ship
Seeking to reclaim Humanity



(22 August 2017)

Have we come to the point
Where Hope becomes Useless
Too far to return
Unable to visualize beyond
The jagged mountain edge
We are stuck climbing

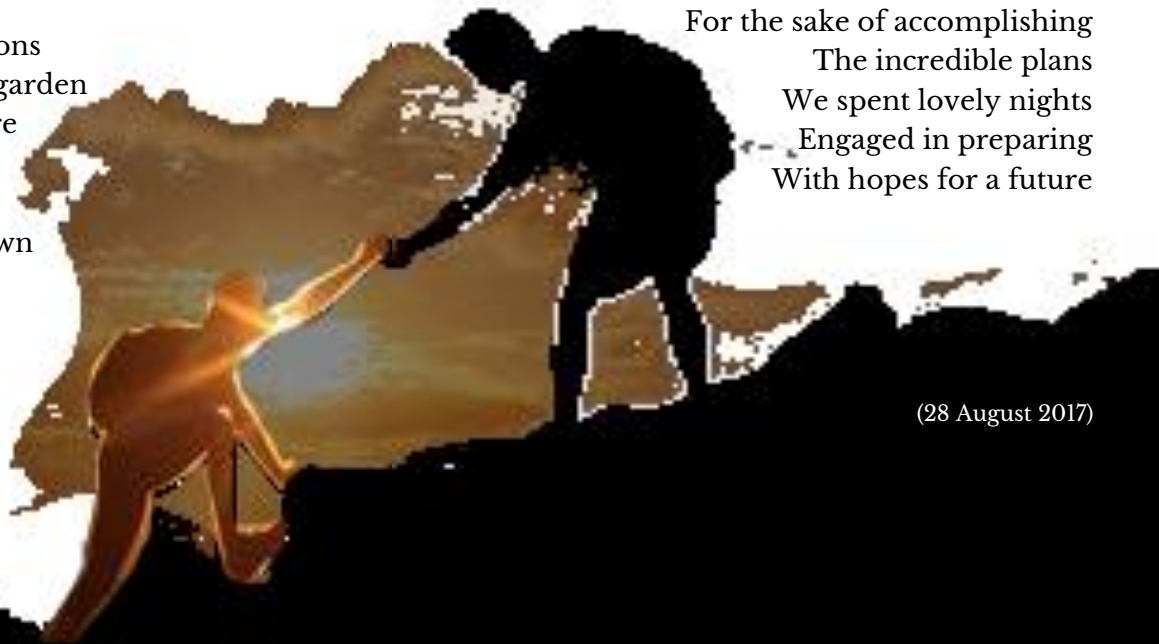
Forsaken by inspiration
Hands raised in despair
Sights set on defeat
Falling back under the oppressive
Gravity bringing us down
So that we may forget

Our dreams and aspirations
To reach the proverbial garden
With the intent to explore
Possibilities beautiful
Endless in the ability
To reclaim life for our own

If a boost would help
Give yourself a moment
To soak in the powerful
Force naturally energizing All
Surrounding us, our current position
We have to keep striving

Take my hand, I'm here
For the sake of accomplishing
The incredible plans
We spent lovely nights
Engaged in preparing
With hopes for a future

(28 August 2017)





They said,
“The foundation
Of our relationship
Must be built
Around a base
Of understanding
Autonomy
Open spaces
Needs to be preserved
If we are to construct
A place where we can
Find our own privacy
Freedom of movement
The ability to meet
On mutual terms
Completely voluntary
In our associations
Only when we stand together
On common grounds
Can we begin to imagine
Plans for the future
Draw up the blueprints
For a life we would like
To explore, to live.”

(11 September 2017)

Our bodies
Controlled, Liberate
Colonized, Reclaim
Privatized, Expropriate
Our Pleasures

Our spaces
Controlled, Liberate
Colonized, Reclaim
Privatized, Expropriate
Our surroundings

Our time
Controlled, Liberate
Colonized, Reclaim
Privatized, Expropriate
Our existences

We want the totality
No room for compromise

(27 September 2017)





Advantages, canopies
Oppressive shadows
Decaying; ablaze


All power to the
Undergrowth
Kindling the flames

Replacing outdated
Diseased conditions
Creating the future

Space to flourish
Skies to see

Room to breathe

(14 October 2017)



This is your time
For writing history
Even if your name
Is never published

You are the author
Of a timeless tale
Gathered through ages

Creator of the future
Heritage shared

Develop accordingly

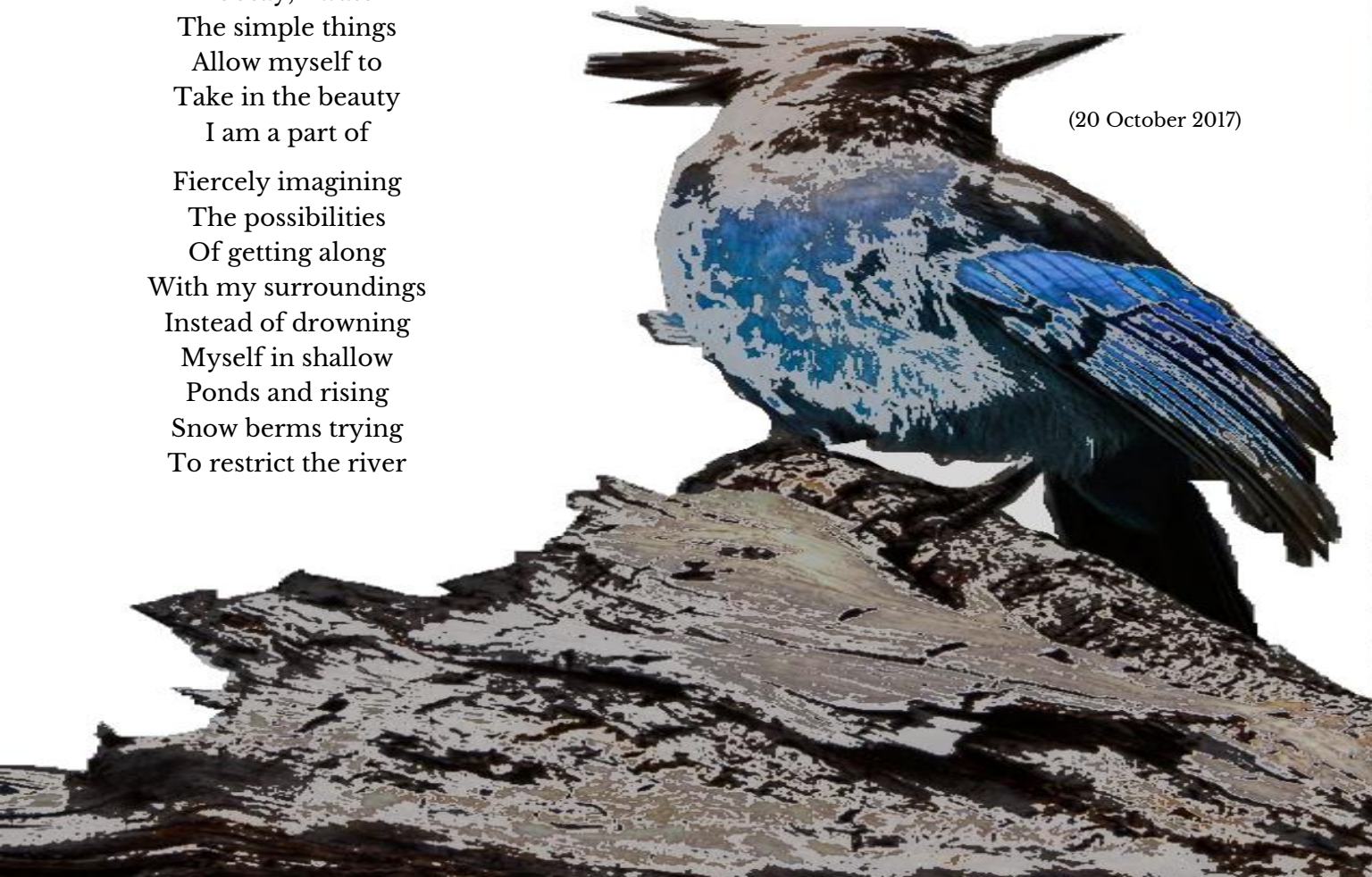
(15 October 2017)

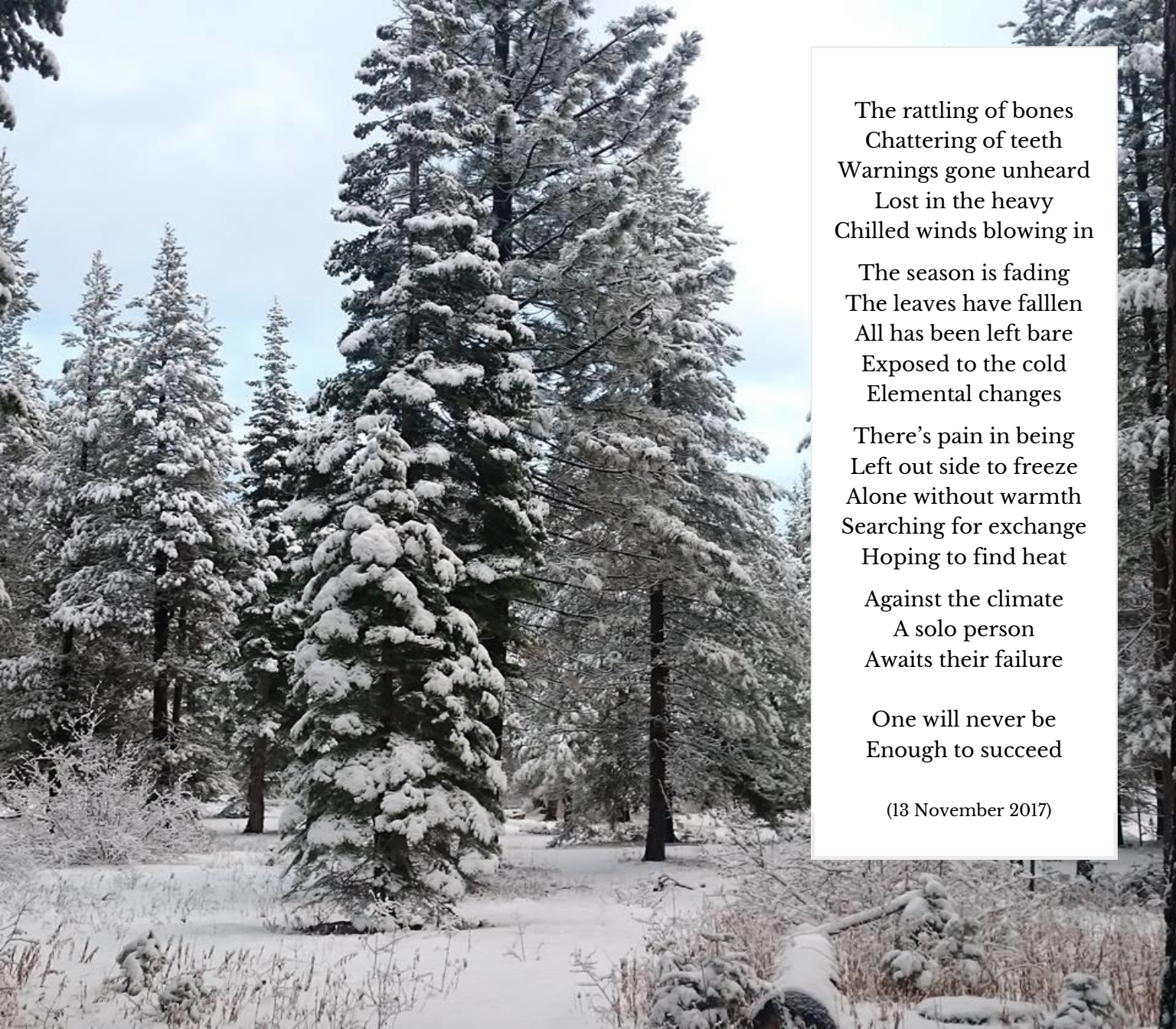
Today
I got to see
A stellar jay
Bathe in a puddle
Of this season's
Second snow fall
When all seems to be
In decay, I watch
The simple things
Allow myself to
Take in the beauty
I am a part of
Fiercely imagining
The possibilities
Of getting along
With my surroundings
Instead of drowning
Myself in shallow
Ponds and rising
Snow berms trying
To restrict the river

The path forever
Changes, the silt
Will always move
Banks will break
Shorelines change
Year by year

Today
I got the chance to
Consider the birds
The essence of freedom
What life could be
If I/we could only
Find it ourselves
To spread our wings

(20 October 2017)





The rattling of bones
Chattering of teeth
Warnings gone unheard
Lost in the heavy
Chilled winds blowing in

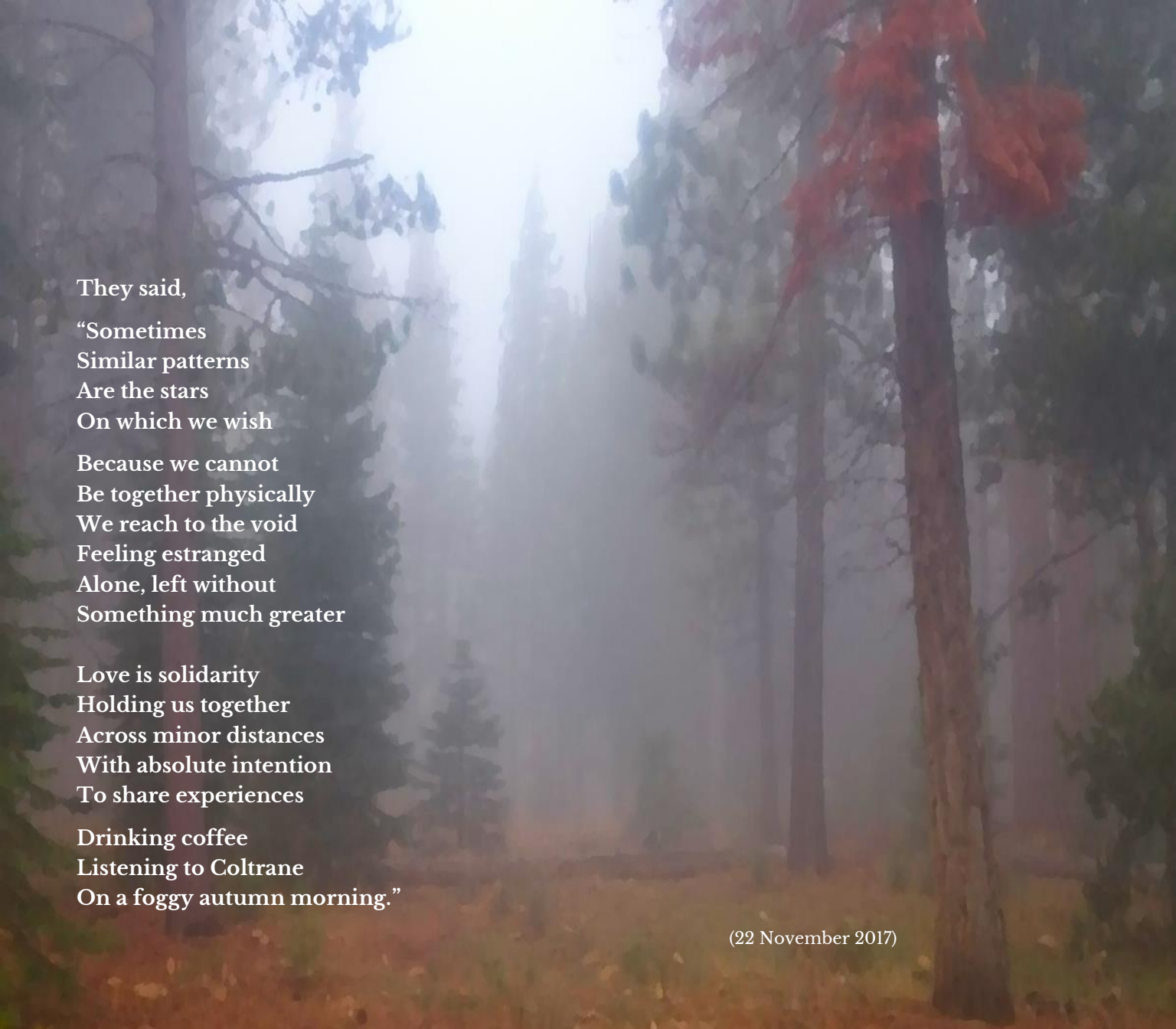
The season is fading
The leaves have fallen
All has been left bare
Exposed to the cold
Elemental changes

There's pain in being
Left out side to freeze
Alone without warmth
Searching for exchange
Hoping to find heat

Against the climate
A solo person
Awaits their failure

One will never be
Enough to succeed

(13 November 2017)

A misty forest scene with tall trees and a path leading into the distance. The trees are mostly evergreens, with some deciduous trees showing autumn foliage in shades of red and orange. The ground is covered in fallen leaves. The overall atmosphere is quiet and contemplative.

They said,
“Sometimes
Similar patterns
Are the stars
On which we wish
Because we cannot
Be together physically
We reach to the void
Feeling estranged
Alone, left without
Something much greater

Love is solidarity
Holding us together
Across minor distances
With absolute intention
To share experiences
Drinking coffee
Listening to Coltrane
On a foggy autumn morning.”

(22 November 2017)

To willfully remain on the edges
Engaging in dangerous flirtation
My mindless friend seems to have lost their head
Blind to the cliff, deaf to all persuasion
Cries and pleas ricochet in the silence
The mocking echoes laugh at the attempts
It seems as if they love the violence
Thinking from disaster they are exempt
One step taken to a ruinous fall
This balancing should be for the birds
What about the brink has them so enthralled
To wittingly let warnings go unheard?

Listen to, know the ledge, its about to break
Do us all a favor, please, step away

(29 November 2017)



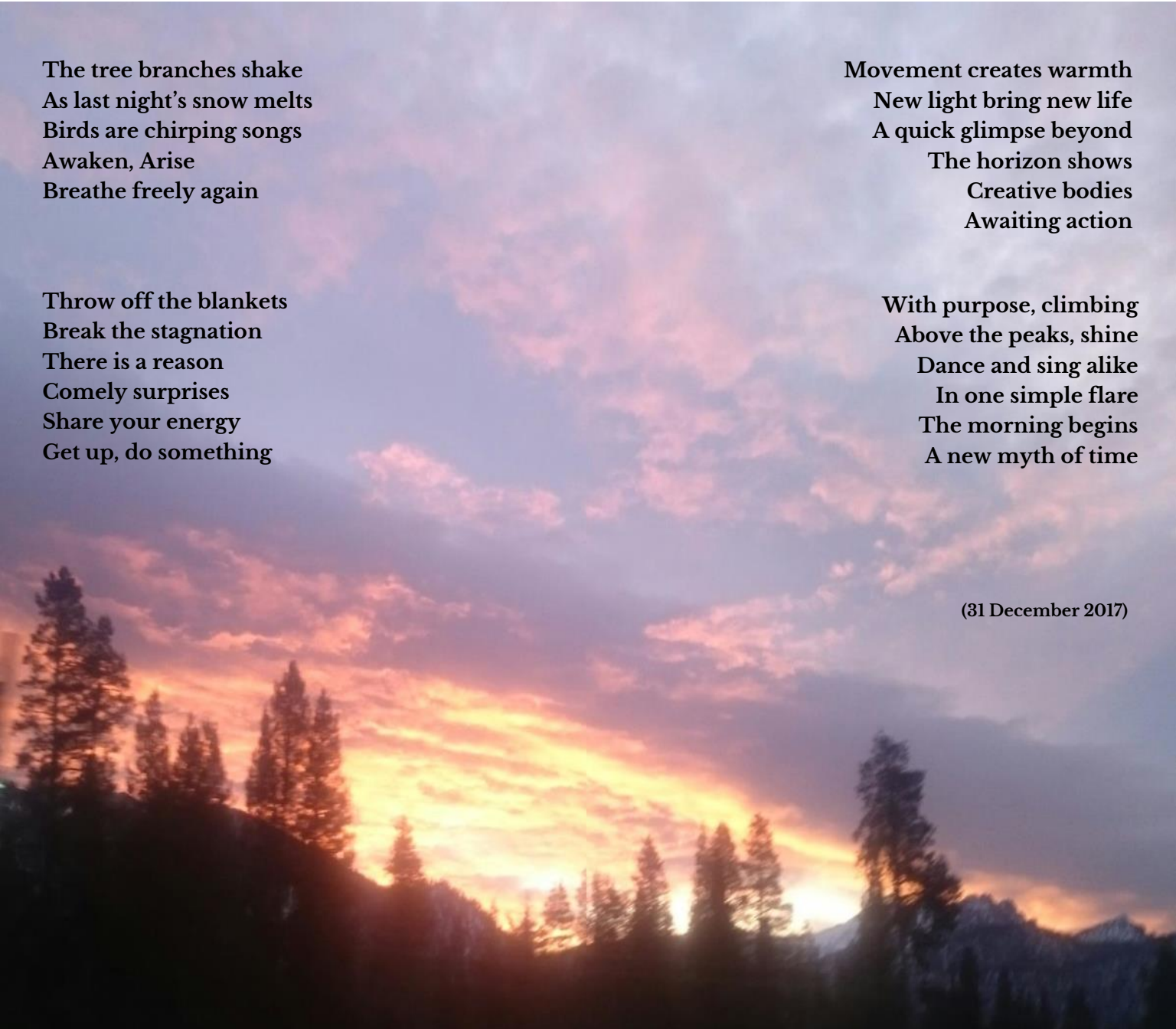
Give them something
They can't live without

Annoy the void
Break open space
Reclaim the commune

Be liberation

(10 December 2017)





The tree branches shake
As last night's snow melts
Birds are chirping songs
Awaken, Arise
Breathe freely again

Throw off the blankets
Break the stagnation
There is a reason
Comely surprises
Share your energy
Get up, do something

Movement creates warmth
New light bring new life
A quick glimpse beyond
The horizon shows
Creative bodies
Awaiting action

With purpose, climbing
Above the peaks, shine
Dance and sing alike
In one simple flare
The morning begins
A new myth of time

(31 December 2017)



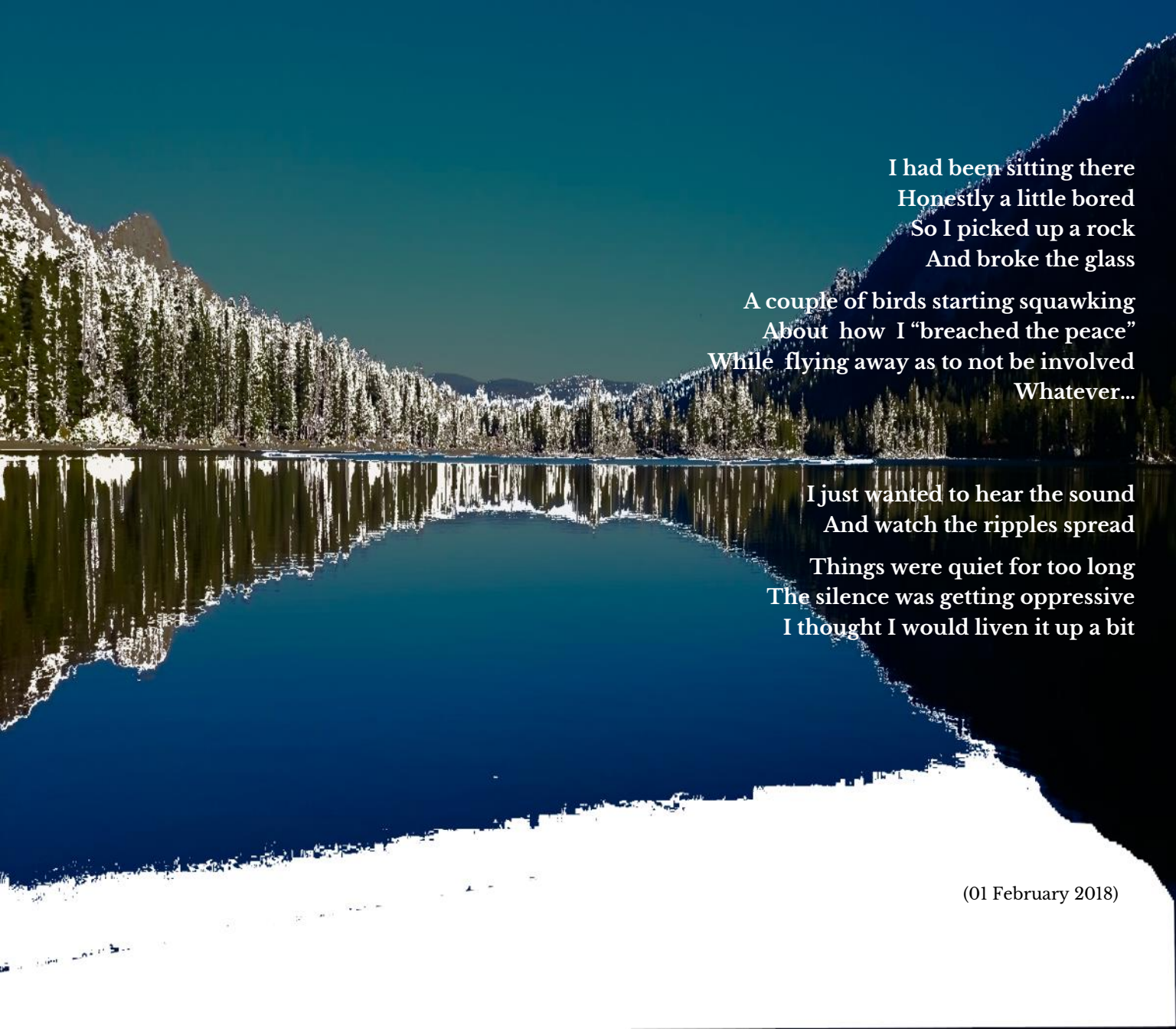
Followed the golden
Woodchip road, got lost but found
Comfort in nothing

Listened to silence
Broken only by whispered
Breezes in tree tops
A distant crow's caw
Far from civilization
Feeling right at home

Amongst the life wild
With my nondomestic friends
When time goes unchecked
Outside false progress
Different ideas of growth
A world standing still

Followed the golden
Woodchip road, got lost but found
Myself, Nowhere known

(02 January 2018)



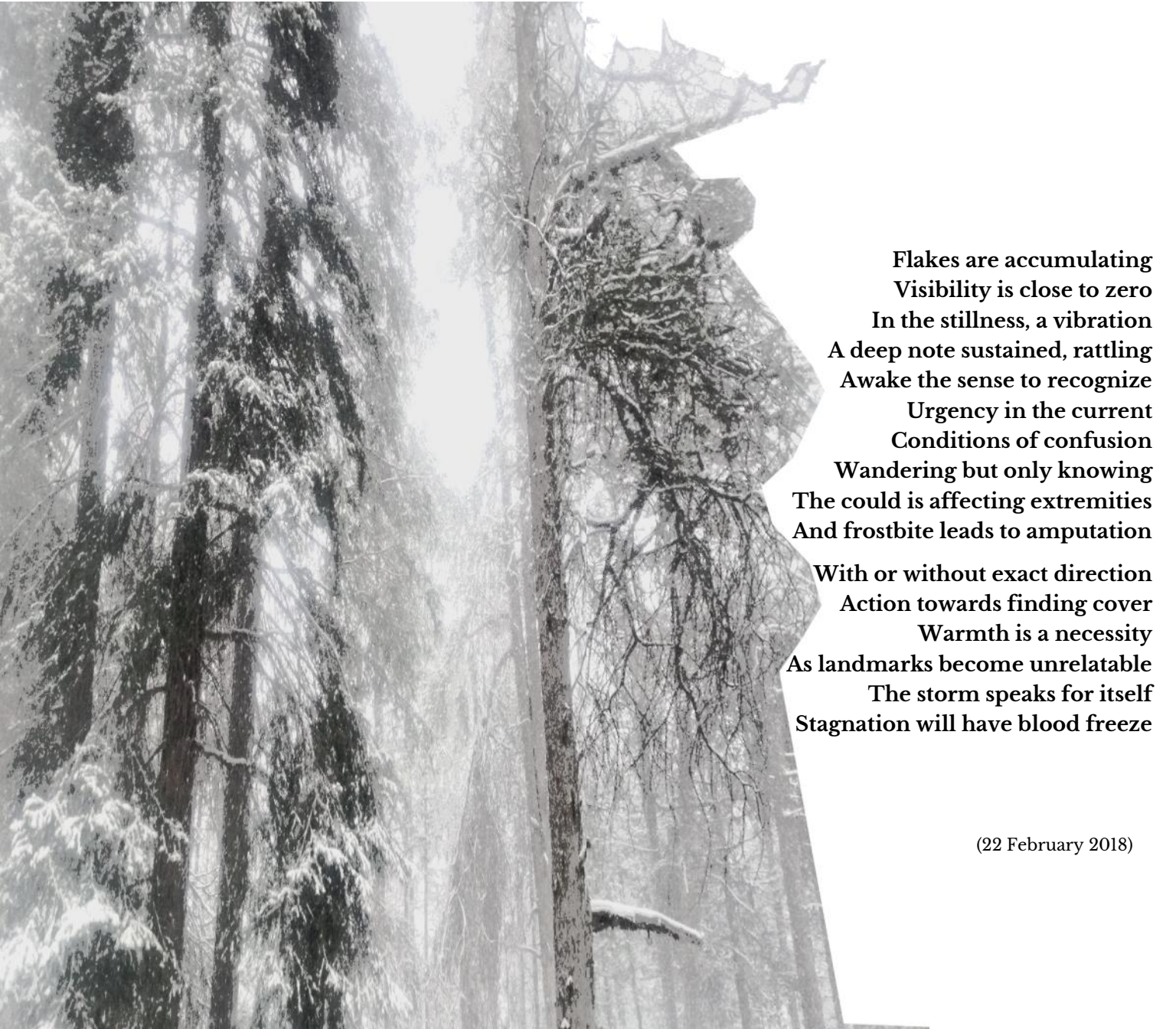
I had been sitting there
Honestly a little bored
So I picked up a rock
And broke the glass

A couple of birds starting squawking
About how I “breached the peace”
While flying away as to not be involved
Whatever...

I just wanted to hear the sound
And watch the ripples spread


Things were quiet for too long
The silence was getting oppressive
I thought I would liven it up a bit

(01 February 2018)



Flakes are accumulating
Visibility is close to zero
In the stillness, a vibration
A deep note sustained, rattling
Awake the sense to recognize
Urgency in the current
Conditions of confusion
Wandering but only knowing
The could is affecting extremities
And frostbite leads to amputation
With or without exact direction
Action towards finding cover
Warmth is a necessity
As landmarks become unrelatable
The storm speaks for itself
Stagnation will have blood freeze

(22 February 2018)



Razor wire and concrete
Divided lands animosity
Cameras and armed men
Pointing in every direction
LRADs and MRAPs
Screaming threats of violence
Order and 'security'
In the state of confinement

Caged bird, fly free
Break constructed boundaries
Outside the hunter's scope
In the sphere of possibilities
Sing your songs, sing them loudly
Serenade the pastel sunrise
With the joy of liberation
In the Wild's improvised symphony

(24 February 2018)



(29 March 2018)

Futures recalculated
Utopias reimagined
Fix errors and move on

Yesterday matters
But does not control
Where we can reach

History is a lesson
To be learned from, not
A dictation of realities

Still within imaginative
Possibilities we can see
Horizons getting closer

One step at a time
Even a long jump
Just stick the landing
Forward is the destination

A leap if a leap need be
Right or wrong, reality is
An intense experience
Shared by you and I



Living in a constant crisis

Deterritorialized

Owning no space, no time

An existence confined

Subject to subjugation

Proverbial lashes and whips

The threats of starvation

Increase in imprisonment

A life taken, reclaimed
from oppressive constraints

A crack to illuminate

The plight of the estranged

In desertion, an opening

A break from the enforced

The fresh hopes and dreams

Of a being uncoerced

(07 April 2018)

Leifur E. Einarsson

Painting the street
Signs in protest
Against the obedience
Shown at every corner
Given to the authority
In a monosyllabic word

Stop.....

(08 April 2018)

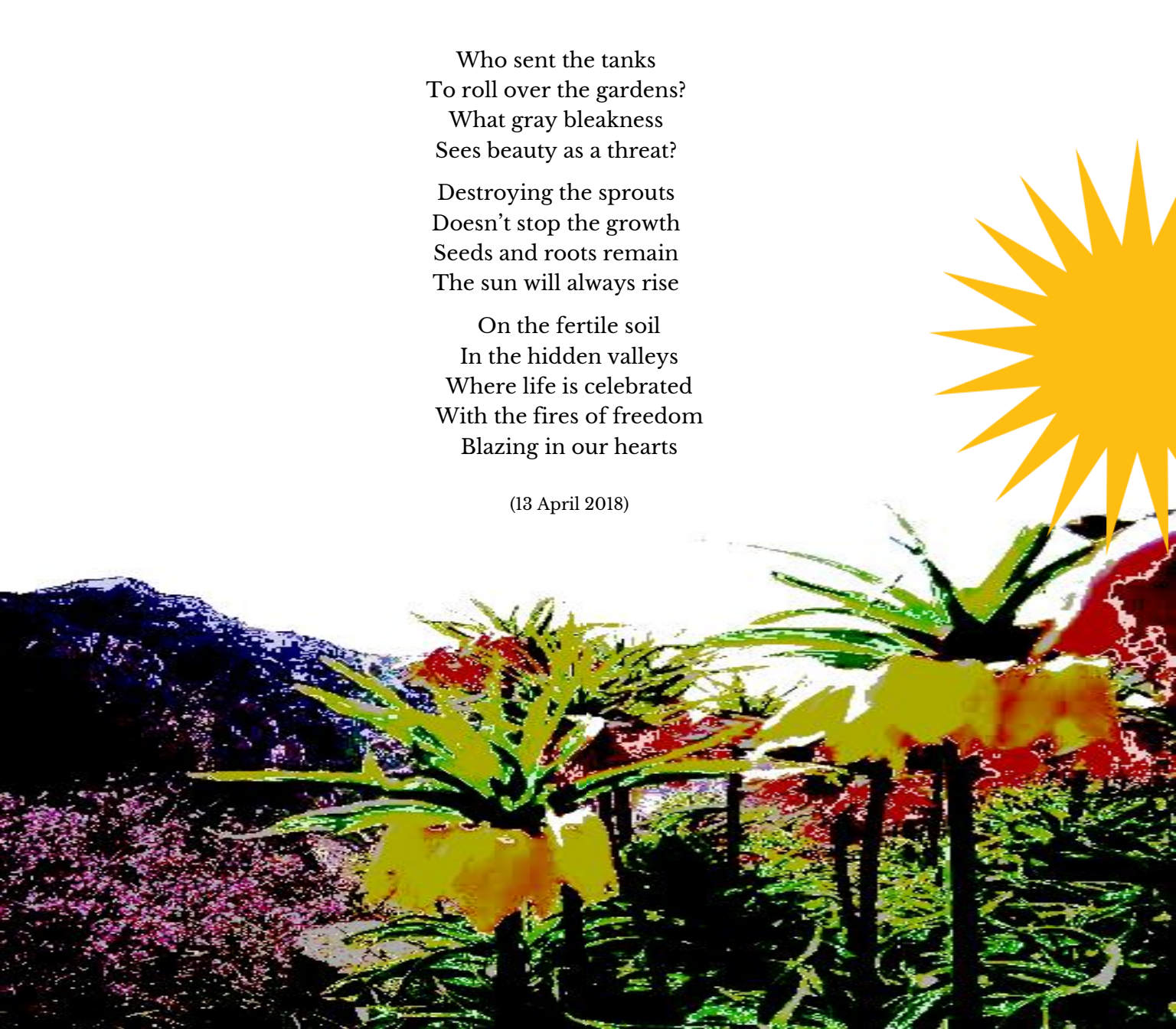


Who sent the tanks
To roll over the gardens?
What gray bleakness
Sees beauty as a threat?

Destroying the sprouts
Doesn't stop the growth
Seeds and roots remain
The sun will always rise

On the fertile soil
In the hidden valleys
Where life is celebrated
With the fires of freedom
Blazing in our hearts

(13 April 2018)



There's energy in the air
A testing tension
The storm heads are growing
Careless birds keep squawking
Predators circle overhead
Murders wait on the horizon
The forecast is ominous

(15 April 2018)



May I
Strike a match
A lightning bolt
Spark the undergrowth
Turning diseased canopies
Into ashes of remembrance
Open up the distribution
Of shared energy and space
Much needed nutrients
For roots to grab hold

In sprouting meadows
Lovers prance in circles
Ribbons in hand
Weaving complex designs
Dancing as to entice
The seeds to spread
Incite the blossom
To break their confines
Let their beauty shine
Celebrate the fertility
Of a budding season

(01 May 2018)



